THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1809.

LETTER TO ******,

A Buck of the first blood.

I have had my eye upon you for a long time, and now I mean to tell you what I have observed. In the first place, I want to know when you first found yourself left alone in the world, to get a living as well as you could, when you threw down the satchel and fancied yourself a man, whether you did not feel delighted at the idea of being at perfect liberty to do as you pleased; and, instead of shrinking at the thought of being left to rise or fall in the world by your own merit, whether you did not exult with confidence in your capability of obtaining by your profession all the good things which this life affords. - - - - - - Yes, you had, like many others, your schemes of happiness laid out before you very gay: - - - - - - you saw yourself in the latter part of your life a rich old gentleman, with an amiable family round you, respected and beloved by all who knew you. - - - - - - Do you recollect how you broke out one night, when in the hey-dey of your heart, you were telling me all about it: how you had laid it down, in the first place, as a fact, that every woman wanted to get married; that they married for love, and that love was a very strong unaccountable passion that surmounted all difficulties; and that you meant to pick out some one, all perfection. She was to be a perfect beauty:----O such teeth, and cheeks, and eyes, and hair, and shape;---she was to be so virtuous, modest, tender, affectionate; ---should play, sing, dance, &c.--- O, I had like to have forgot the main point, she was to be rich too. - - - - - Now let us see what you have been doing, how you have acted to obtain the accomplishment of your wishes: - - - - - - why instead of following the dictates of your own judgment, you have suffered yourself to be laughed out of almost every delicate feeling and good quality you possessed; you have aped the manners of the stupid coxcombical Cocknies, who are fluttering about amongst us; you go to public places, and are remarkable only for your rudeness and ill manners. - - - Don't be angry, I have not mentioned your name; however, if you are known by the likeness I have drawn of you, alter yourself; - - - I won't

alter the picture. I saw you very lately at the City Assembly-room, with the tail of your coat under your arm, and your back to the fire (to be sure there were eight or ten others did the same) when the ladies were shivering with cold in front of you; and in spite of all the hints thrown out about cold feet, you very unfeelingly kept your place, and would not let a single ray of the fire escape to them. At another time I saw you lolling in a very comfortable seat, quite blind to the many opportunities around you of showing a little gallantry: there you sat;---took a chew of tobacco, and looked, I dare say (in your own opinion) very amiable. - - - O how my face ach'd for you. I have known you at a public entertainment talk loud, smoke, and walk about the room with creeking boots, making yourself an object of dislike to every one who wished to hear or see what was then going forward. As to your hat, you are so much used to keeping it on, that you would as soon think of taking off your head. - - - - But you have a thousand little winning ways to make a body hate you. - - - - - - - In short you seem to try, by every means in your power, to shew that you think the only qualification necessary to get into good society, is to have an invitation, or to be able to buy a ticket. As soon as you are inside the door, you think you have as good a right there as any body. - - - - - - You are mistaken; no man has a right to be there who does not know or care how he behaves himself. It is our duty every where to make each other as comfortable as we can; there lies the secret,---only keep that in mind, and you will find yourself grow polite very soon; you will see beauties where you thought there was nothing but ugliness. - - - - - - It is the expression of a face makes it handsome, or otherwise, you will receive friendly smiles from faces that you thought could express nothing but contempt: and instead of having to spend your leisure hours at porter houses, where you sit for whole evenings in stupid solemnity, bleaching your lips and cheeks, too proud and consequential to be jolly---and too insignificant to be respected, you would be handed into more polished society, where you would have an opportunity of advancing fortune. You are now set down as a quiz, and the consequence is, you are avoided. - - - - - - I have not time to say any more to you at present; but if I have time, next week, you will hear from me again;---in the mean time take care of yourself, for depend upon it, I shall keep my eye upon you. Next Tuesday night Chilton is to have an exhibition at the Tea-room, of the effects of breathing *Nitrous Oxyd*; I suppose you will be there, if you are, let me see that you have amended.

Yours, &c.

Observer,

WHAT 'S THE HOUR?

If the first who asked this question was an idle man, at least we may presume that he was an inhabitant of a country where idleness had ceased to be general; for people are already acquainted with the value and employment of time before they begin to measure it. Nevertheless how many hours have perished unperceived, ever since mankind have begun to count them! From his ever-flowing urn, Time pours them out into a seive; and it frequently happens that they all pass through. Happy the man who has employed some of their number in aiding a friend, consoling the child of sorrow, doing a little service to his fellow-men! and they add much more to the duration of life than the others.

The Egyptians first taught the Greeks to ask "*What's the hour?*" But from whom did the Egyptians learn the question? It is left in the darkness of remote antiquity; nor was it until a few centuries anterior to the vulgar area, that a some-

what satisfactory answer was returned to it. A long time was required before the people could venture to say all that was to be said on that simple question, "*What's the hour?*"

According to Pliny, it was Anaximander who erected the first gnomon that was seen in Greece. After a few centuries, sun-dials passed over from Greece to Sicily; and Valerius Messala carried to Rome that which had stood at Catana. Under the consulate of Scipio Nasica, they were succeeded by hydraulic time-measurers. How many difficulties was it necessary to surmount, before mankind could even learn "*what was the hour!*"

The califf Haroun-al-Raschid sent a striking clock to Charlemagne, who had not before possessed a single one in all the cities of his vast empire. During the night men perambulated the streets to make known the hour to those who were in bed. The custom is still continued in London, where, besides, each man has his watch to consult; and yet we are continually asking, "*What's the hour.*

There must certainly be in these words a certain charm, which does not arise from the bare desire of exactly knowing the time of the day; and I lay it down as an anxiom that the person who enquires respecting the present hour has his thoughts less intent upon it than upon some future hour which he expects. This approximation of two different times produces another in the mind: by recalling to the memory what we intend to do, we reflect with greater attention on what we are actually doing. The question "*What's the hour?*" is therefore a principle of observation which imparts activity to thought gives motion to life, and a direction to our projects. How many persons do we see, who know not either what they think, or what they do, or what they purpose, merely because they do not sufficiently often ask, "*What's the hour?*

I am persuaded that the man who should write those words over every door in his house, and keep them constantly present to his thoughts, would not suffer a single minute of the day to be lost. To form a proper estimate of the value of time, it is necessary to measure it. We then wish to employ every moment; and we condemn ourselves for any neglect, as for an error. Those words recall us to life, as the voice of Zephyr recalls the stagnant juices of the vegetable world into vernal circulation.

How important to the fathers and mothers of families, and to instructors surrounded with their children, not to overlook the sovereign efficacy of that question. In the stages of education, each moment gives birth to new ideas, to new cares. There is not an hour to be lost; not an hour to be entirely employed in the same manner. Think well on't; reflect "*What's the hour?*"

The hoary senior and the blooming youth equally ask the same question; but the former foresees; the latter enjoys; and they both act according to the dictates of nature. Those words, "*What's the hour?*" are a lesson for all ages.

The husbandman, exhausted with his agricultural toil, descries the distant roof of his cottage peeping through the foliage in which it stands embosomed. Imagination instantly paints to him his wife, his children, their eager haste in running forth to meet him when they hear in the evening the tread of his horses or the bark of his faithful dog. He immediately asks himself "*What's the hour?*" His question is answered by the aged oak which rears its head on the margin of his field; new vigour braces his sinews: new courage pervades his bosom: the earth offers less resistence to his efforts; and the present hour seems abriged by the expectation of that which is to come.

That man leaning on his couch, bending under the burden of accu-

mulated years, and who with trembling hand pnts aside a few silver hairs which the wind had blown over his nearly extinguished eyes, was once young, vigorous, and handsome. That woman passing near him, whose shrunk and withered countenance reminds us of a mummy, has a thousand times been compared to the Graces. Yon babe, who so peacefully slumbers on the bosom of his mother, will one day be seated in a great arm-chair, his feet extended on a large cushion, his head weighed down on his chest, while he views the children of his children in the same situation in which we now behold himself. The successive changes which take place in us are observable at the principal epochs of our life; but their continuity is never interrupted; and it thus imperceptibly fills up the intervals which separate childhood, adolescency, maturity, and old age. Each hour bears the imprint of revolving time, which creates, perfects, extinguishes and destroys. Under this relation, the question, "What was I? What am I? What am I to be?" are all included in *What's the hour?*"

When a man has performed a laudable action----and we oftener have than use the opportunity of doing such---if he were to look at his watch, the mark of that hour would become a pleasing lesson for the future, and a still more pleasing record of the past. Happy the mortal who should in this manner, minute by minute, make the complete circle of the dial, and could thus frequently ask himself "*What's the hour?*"

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Extract from a homily of St. Chrysostom on patience.

—REMEMBER then, my brethren! in the pressure of poverty, in the pain and langour of disease, in all your affliction, remember the sufferings of Job, and blush for your complaints. But let me display to you all the terrors of a war in which all nature was combined against him. Ten children were torn from him! all in one dreadful moment; all in the flower of life; all in the bloom of virtue! and by no ordinary means, but by a death the most cruel, the least expected. Is there any whom such a flood of ruin would not overwhelm? Any heart of adamant which could resist it? There is none; not one. For if any of these calamities would have been of itself intolerable, think what must have been his agony, against whom such a host of miseries was assembled!

Remember then, my brethren! when you have lost the cherished objects of your souls, a son, a daughter, remember that your refuge from despair is the example of Job. Look there for consolation. Remember his words in the midst of his anguish, they sanctify his memory with a splendor to which the lustre of a thousand diadems is pale. Behold the extent of his desolation. Behold this shipwreck of every remaining comfort, this last and bloody scene of a tragedy of horrors! You may have wept over the grave of one child, perhaps of another; or of another; but he, of all, he, in a moment, the delighted father of a numerous offspring, is, in the next childless. Nor did they expire gradually and gently in their beds, nor did he sit by them, nor did he feel the last faint pressure of their hands, nor did he hear the dying whispers of affection. Even these sad soothings were denied him. Nor was any aggravation wanting which can add to the bitterness of grief. They died not only suddenly, but in their youth; not only in youth, but in innocence; unconscious of evil, unsuspicious of misfortune. In the sons and daughters of Job he had watched every bud of virtue as it opened, they shone in all the varieties of human excellence, they were worthy of all his love, and they were all beloved. If any one of these circumstances would have swelled the torrent of adversity,

what must have been its fury when they were all seen united, when they all rushed together against him? The enemy of the world had put forth all his strength, had attacked him with all the malignity of his nature, he had bereaved him of all his enjoyments, he had left him no hope but for death.

When we think how these things were borne, my brethren, we are lost in amazement! we behold a miracle of the Almighty! The The storm had howled among his branches, had stripped him at once of all his fruit; it had passed over him, and he stood a leafless trunk---but he stood. The angry waves of affliction had rolled upon him, but his back still floated in a sea of sorrow---All the foundations of his faith were underminded, but the tower was unshaken.

In the intervals of pain, when disease had suspended her tortures that severer tortures of reflection might be inflicted, what must have been his feelings---His thoughts flew back to the children he had lost---sad recollection to a father! He remembered also that, alas! he had lost all---that not one was spared, that he had no earthly object of his love remaining. Had only one survived, how would he have cherished it? how sweet would have been such a comfort in his misery? But where now was a wretched father, deprived of all his children, to look for comfort? He remembered also the suddenness of their fate. The force of grief, as of joy, is strengthened by being unexpected. How often when death has seized upon his victim, after a few days illness, do we hear complaints of the cruelty of death? Yet he had beheld the destruction of his children, not in a few days, nor in a few hours, nor in one, but in a moment. In a moment the scene of their social festivity was made a den of slaughter---their habitation, their tomb? At this funeral pile my brethren! behold a father! he searches among the ruins---he grasps a broken pillar of the building---it is wet with the blood of his children. With one trembling hand he removes a stone ---the other shrinks from the mangled limbs of a child. Their mutilated bodies are before him, the illusions of hope are vanished. There is neither life, or form, nor feature remaining. In vain does he attempt to recognize their well known lineaments, in vain to distinguish one from another. They are all alike, all lacerated with innumerable wounds; all crushed into a loathsome mass of deformity.

You are agitated, my brethren! I behold your tears. If you cannot hear those things, how would you have borne them? If your hearts can be thus melted by a cold recital of another's calamity, then what must be the agony of the man who beheld it---of the father who endured it? Amidst the wailings of distress, do you hear the voice of upbraiding? Does he say, wherefore is this evil come unto me? Is this the reward of my benevolence? Have I opened my doors to the stranger? Have I distributed my wealth to the poor? Have I been a father to the fatherless? and is it therefore that I am naked and destitute? Have I instructed my children in wisdom? Have I led them into the paths of righteousness? Have I taught them to worship God? And is it therefore that he has destroyed them?---No such murmurs escape him. He kisses the hand that chastises him. He bends with resignation to the will of Heaven---"
"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Wonder not, my brethren, that he tore his hair---that he scattered the fragments of his garments to the winds---that he fell upon the earth---that he rolled in the dust. He was a father. Had he been unmoved, his fortitude would have been without merit---a cold and brutish philosophy would have disgraced the character of Job.

NEWS OF THE WEEK;

Extracted chiefly from "The Mercantile Advertiser."

Yesterday Mr. Jefferson retired from the office of President of the United States, after having enjoyed it for the last eight years; and, on the same day, Mr. Madison was inaugurated as his successor.

Extract of a letter from Washington, dated Monday Evening, Feb. 27.

"The Non-Intercourse Bill which came from the Senate has passed the House this day Ayes 81, Noes 40. The partial repeal of the Embargo is to take place on the 15th of March. The power proposed to be vested in the President to grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal is erased. I have reason to believe it will be approved by the President as it has passed the house."

On Wednesday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in Cheapside-street, in a small wooden building occupied by Mr. Griffith, as a soap and candle manufactory. As most of the houses near it were built of wood, before the fire was got under, eight small houses, and as many stables, were destroyed, among which were, the distillery of Mr. Thomas Willis, the dwelling house of widow Mott, one occupied by Mr. Antonio, a Spaniard, a house recently occupied by Capt. King, (where some say, the fire originated from design); a small back dwelling owned by Mr. Henry S. Thorne; widow Brook's and B. Mott's stables, &c. Mr. Samuel Doughty's lumber yard took fire, and considerable damage was done. A small part of the property was insured. The whole loss is estimatsd at 12,000 dollars.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

LONDON, Dec. 8.

We are sorry to communicate the following account of the capture of several vessels belonging to the last Baltic convoy, which has been transmitted by Capt. Clendinning, of the Montague:

"*Elsingburg, Nov*, 27, 1808.

It is with heartfelt sorrow I have to inform you of the ill fate of the ship Montague. She was taken and burnt by the Danes on the 24th inst. off Falsterburn. I wrote you last from Malmoe Roads. We sailed from thence on the 23d inst. under the same convoy; and the same afternoon we were attacked off Drago by 28 gun-boats, which we kept at bay very well all that day, while we had wind, but it fell calm, we warped our ships all night, and in the course of it we got them in shoal water on the Swedish shore. Our ship and another brig touched the ground abaft with keeping the frigate bewteen us and the gun-boats. At day light I made the signal to the frigate for assistance to tow the Montague out of danger, which she did not answer; and about nine o'clock the frigate got a small breeze, and instead of protecting the convoy, set all the sail she could, and ran away from the gun-boats, leaving half of the convoy to the mercy of the enemy, which were every one taken. Finding from my situation I had no means left to save the ship from capture (being almost destitute of the means of defence, having only one round of powder on board, and the force within gun shot of me being four gun boats one schooner, and a cutter,) and having the boats out, I ordered the hands into them under a heavy shower of shot from the gun-boats to try if we could not reach the Swedish shore, but the long boat soon gave up and was taken with nine hands in her; as for myself, I was fully determined they should

sink me with the boat, rather than submit to be made a prisoner, and with much difficulty escaped with seven hands, This day I arrived at this place, of which I give you the earliest notice.

Extract of a letter from St. Croix, dated Feb. 5th, to a gentleman in this city,

We have undoubted intelligence that the British forces had sailed to attack Martinique six days ago, and we momently expect to hear the result. So sanguine are our merchants of its success that vessels are going from St. Thomas to Martinique to speculate on the event.

On the 23d of February, the Collector's office at York was broken open, and Bonds, Notes and other Papers, to a large amount, were stolen.

Arrived in Hampton Roads on Friday last, the schooner of His Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of France and King of Italy, Le Superieure, commanded by Monsieur Bouvard, last from Charleston.

Mr. Lee from Halifax has favored us with papers to the 17th inst. By British Orders of Council dated Oct. 26th the ports of St John, Shelburn and Halifax, are declared open for importations from, and exportations, to the United States in British and American vessels. This order is in pursuance of an act of parliament passed some time since. The British brig Emulous, of 18 guns, capt. Stupart, has had a battle with a French corvette of 26 guns. The Emulous had 12 killed, and 16 wounded. The Frenchman sheered off, and escaped. The frigate Juno, from France for Martinique, fell in with the British squadron, aud remained with them two days, undiscovered, repeating all the private signals. When the squadron was off a harbour of Martinique, being conveniently situated, she suddenly made more sail, and ran in! Several vessels from Guadaloupe for France have been recently captured by British cruizers. One cause of delay of the Martinique expedition is said to have been a dispute between Gov. Beckworth and Gov. Prevost, as to rank.

On Thursday the 9th Feb. a man of the name of James Quimby, of Marlborough, Ulster county, met his negro some distance from his house and shot him through the body ; the negro expired in a few minutes. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the causes that led to this transaction to detail them.---Quimby was taken, and after being in custody some time, found means to escape, and has not been heard of since

POSTSCRIPT.

Saturday Evening, March 4.

Letters from Washington, by this morning's mail, state that the Non-Intercourse Bill and a partial repeal of the embargo, on the 15th of March, passed the Senate on Tuesday last, 17 to 14 ; and the President has given it his signature

The public may rely on the authenticity of the following, which the editor of the Baltimore Whig has derived from the most respectable source.

A gentleman *in this city* has received a letter from his friend in Havanna, informing him that London news to the 21st of December was received there, which was endeavoured to be totally *suppressed* ; but he (the letter writer) together with an English gentleman, went on board the vessel which brought the accounts, and learned that the affairs of the Spaniards were in the most irretrievable ruin ---their armies being *dispersed* or *annihilated*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Fragment of a new Translation of Lucretia.

Propitious Mother of the Œnean line,
Delight of gods and men, whose power divine
The fruitful land and navigable sea
And all below the heavenly orbs, obey.
Each form of life, Cytherea owns thy might,
That rising greets the sun's ethereal light.
At thy approach the winds and waves no more
Led on by blackening clouds, assault the shore;
But ocean smiles, and the creative earth
Pours forth her sweets, and gives her myriads birth.---
When genial gales announce the vernal day
The feather'd race, O Goddess! own thy sway;
The beasts of prey o'er flowery meadows urge
Their sounding course, or stem the rapid surge.
Led by thy power all living nature roves
Through seas, o'er mountains, and thro' leafy groves:
And verdant plains, while thy sweet influence reigns
And Beauty binds them in her magic chains.
The power of LOVE the stubborn soul unbends,
And hence from age to age the race descends.

A. A.

Maria, or the Mother's Dirge.

THE EVE BEFORE BURIAL.

By William Carey.

'TWAS at this hour, this heavy hour,
But yesterday, 'twas at this hour,
The beams of noon serenely shining,
When yielding to the fatal Power,
My sweetest Flower
Droop'd low her head her life resigning.

I watch'd her eye---that beauteous eye,
I watch'd the sun-set of her eye,
'Till Death o'ershadow'd ev'ry feature,
I caught the long drawn struggling sigh,
The plaintive cry,
And last deep moan of parting nature.

O lovely May! sweet month of May;
'Twas in the merry month of May,
That Heav'n bestow'd my precious treasure.
I kiss'd her new-born tears away;
And blessed the day,
With all a mother's pride and pleasure.

How bright my child; my dearest child,
While suckling thee, my dearest child,
The days of joy to joy succeeded.
When Hope upon my Angel smil'd,
The winter wild
Past howling o'er my roof unheeded.

Three years my breast, my flowing breast,
Three years I gave thee to my breast,
The fountain of thy lov'd nutrition.
My bosom was thy halcyon-nest,
Thy downy rest.
The haven of thy sweet fruition.

In Loda's bowers, her sunny bowers,
Light wreaths I wove in Loda's bowers,
For thee upon the turf reclining.
Green buds refresh'd by genial showers:
With wild wood flowers
The rose and hyacinth entwining.

But now no more, ah never more;
Thy smile shall gladden me no more;
Thy pale remains from me they sever.
To-morrow----sweetest child adieu;
From mortal view,
The grave shall cover thee for ever.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Lemuel Richardson to Miss Anne Hoffman.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. William L. Vandervoort to Miss Helen Bruce.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John Morrison to Miss H. Bergh.

On Thursday evning last, Mr. Alexander Crofts to Miss Mary Livingston.

At Bellville, by the rev. Jossph Willard, John A. Rucker, of this city, to Miss Sarah Macomb.

BILL OF MORTALITY.

	Years old.		Years
Wm. Cookert's child,	2	George Hay,	63
Nicholas Peld,	44	Elizabeth Low,	75
John Greenwood	52	Mary Wallace	3
Thos. Wood,	61	C. Wynkoop	79
John Allen,	32	John Robinson	14
Hannah Woolsey,	35	Sarah Lawrence,	65
Robert Butler,	52	Esprit S. Gurgun,	50
Patrick Cammon,	22	George Gasnet,	19
Eliza Shields,	59	M. Capadoria,	40
Mrs. Jonhson's child,	14	George Gooz,	75
Charlott M'Gill,	23		

This paper will be published at T. Powers's book-store, No. 116, Broad-Way, every Sunday morning, from 7 o'clock till 10; where subscribers will please to leave their names and directions. The price is 2 dollars per annum, to be paid quarterly in advance;--or six cents per number. A letter-box will be left at the above place to receive communications for the editor.